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JAMES MACDONALD, M.D.

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From the American Journal of Insanity.

JAMES MACDONALD, M. D.

ONE of our most esteemed cotemporaries, and one of the most valued contributors to this Journal, has suddenly passed away. Dr. JAMES MACDONALD died at his residence, in Flushing, on the 5th of May last.

Though feeling ourselves quite unequal to the task of doing justice to his memory, we cannot let the present opportunity pass without giving our readers some slight notice of his brief and useful career. This, to some extent, we are enabled to do, owing to the kindness of a friend who has had access to papers not in our possession. At a future time we hope to embody in this Journal some of the valuable records and observations relating to the insane that he has left in manuscript.

Dr. James Macdonald was born at White Plains, in the State of New York, on the 18th of July, in the year 1803. His father, Dr. Archibald Macdonald, was a native of Scotland, but came to America in childhood. This gentleman belonged to one of the Highland families, that took up arms in favor of the young pretender, Charles Edward, when the Stuarts, in 1745, made their last effort to recover the crown of Great Britain. After the disastrous failure of that attempt, his immediate relatives fled to France, and when, at a later period, they returned, and emigrated to Canada, he accompanied them. Subsequently, he studied medicine, and became a surgeon in the British army. Some years after the termination of the American revolutionary war, he married in the county of Dutchess, and finally settled at White Plains, where, during the residue of his life, he practised his profession with an extensive reputation. He died in December, in the year 1813.

The first years of Dr. James Macdonald's life were spent in his native village, where he acquired much distinction for an early proficiency in learning. After his father's death, his education was carefully superintended by an excellent and devoted mother. His first classical instructor was Isaac Hulse, who, in 1815, and for some time afterwards, taught in the adjacent town of Scarsdale, and who has since become a distinguished surgeon in the United States Navy. Subsequently to this, he was sent to the Academy at Bergen, in New Jersey, then under the care of Mr. Thomas Gahagan, where he continued for several years. It was originally intended that he should follow some mercantile pursuit. The profession which he afterwards embraced was his own determinate choice, in opposition, at the outset, to the wishes of nearly all his friends.

In 1821, he commenced the study of medicine,

in his native village, with Dr. David Palmer, and was afterwards a pupil of the late Dr. David Hosack, of New York. Under this last eminent professor, Dr. Macdonald finished his medical studies. After attending several courses of lectures, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, he took the degree of M. D. on the 29th of March, 1825.

The Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale had at that day a *Resident Physician*, generally a young man, who lived at the establishment; and the institution was visited at stated times during the week by some medical person of eminence, called the *Visiting Physician*. At the moment of Dr. Macdonald's graduation, the resident officer had resigned. With that promptness and self-reliance, which characterized him through life, he instantly offered himself as a candidate for the vacancy. He waited personally upon the several governors of the New York Hospital, (of which the Bloomingdale institution was a branch,) to all of whom he was a stranger; with scarcely any recommendations other than those of the professors under whom he had studied. His frankness, youth, and intelligence, made a favorable impression upon the different members of the Board, of which they afterwards often spoke, and he received the appointment, although opposed by two rival candidates, who, supported by powerful friends, had made the strongest efforts for success.

Dr. Macdonald now commenced the study of mental disease with great enthusiasm, and the medical responsibility of the Bloomingdale establishment soon devolved upon him almost exclusively. He had not been long in office, when an instance of close investigation secured for him the favorable consideration of the governors and officers immediately connected with the institution. Among the cases under treatment was that of a man, whose ill health and mental derangement could not be traced to any cause. He was of good habits, and in prosperous circumstances; no case of insanity had ever occurred in his family, and the disease could not be accounted for by any reason moral or physical. His friends and medical attendants had all been baffled in their attempts to detect the origin of his disorder. Dr. Macdonald made a fresh effort, and he too at first was unsuccessful, but knowing that the patient had kept a public house, where liquors were sold, he instituted particular inquiries into the man's habits before the occurrence of his insanity. It was at length discovered that the individual in question was in the daily practice of rising early in the morning, after which he immediately opened the room, where refreshments were retailed, and took the first drink of cider, which was

pumped from a fountain, where it had stood the whole night previously. A strict examination was now made of the pump and fount, and it was found that the materials of which they were constructed, were in part *lead*, and that the acid morning draught of the insane person had been in immediate contiguity with the metal for seven or eight hours. The young physician now exulted in his discovery of a cause sufficient to account for the disease. Fresh from the medical college, he recollected that, in his lectures, Dr. Hosack had mentioned that *lead* introduced into the human system would cause disease and *insanity*. The patient, after this, was successfully treated and recovered.

Dr. Macdonald remained at Bloomingdale as Resident Physician of the Asylum until the latter part of the year 1830, when he resigned, and commenced the general practice of his profession in the city of New York. Upon the occasion of his retiring from Bloomingdale, a resolution, couched in the most flattering terms, passed the board of governors, bearing testimony to the ability and fidelity with which the duties of his office had always been discharged; and directing a certificate of their approbation to be furnished him, which was soon after done, by their president, the late Peter Augustus Jay.

In the spring of 1831, the governors of the New York Hospital proposed to send him abroad, for the purpose of visiting the insane hospitals of Europe, with the view of introducing at Bloomingdale such improvements as he might find in those foreign establishments. The result of the negotiation which ensued, was that a new agreement was entered into, by which Dr. Macdonald was to spend a year in visiting the lunatic asylums of the old world, for the purpose of examining in detail, and of making himself acquainted with the economy, management, and modes of cure, practised in the best European institutions for the insane. On his return, the governors were to commit to his exclusive care the patients in the Bloomingdale establishment, in which situation he agreed to remain until June, in the year 1837.

On the 1st of June, 1831, Dr. Macdonald sailed in the packet-ship *Havre*, from New York, for France, amply furnished with letters and documents, which secured for him a favorable reception from directors and physicians of hospitals, and from the friends of science and humanity. He arrived at Havre on the 24th of June, and immediately proceeded to England, which was to be the first field of his investigations.

While zealously prosecuting the great object of his mission, Dr. Macdonald's industry secured him some leisure, which enabled him to look around, and gratify a liberal curiosity. In a letter of July 13th, addressed from London to one of his brothers, he says:—

Among other places, I have been in the Court of Chancery. It is a singular spectacle to see members of the bar in their wigs and gowns; but to me the most interesting personage was the lord chancellor. *Sitting*, Lord Brougham seemed a man of

short stature, made up of nerve and sinew; his activity having left no time for the accumulation of fat. His face, far from handsome, is strongly marked, his forehead low, his eye penetrating, his nose slightly inclined upwards at the end, his mouth sarcastic and decisive to the last degree. Like his mind, the muscles of his face are in constant action, amounting even to spasmodic twitching. Unlike most other judges, he does not sit still and allow lawyers to conduct proceedings—he is the very life and soul of everything; he spurs, drives, cuts short and determines.

In a letter of August 10th, he says:—

I was last night in the House of Lords. A highly interesting discussion ensued, on a motion of Lord Londonderry, (the brother of Castlereagh,) that the minister should lay before the house papers relating to the Belgian treaty. His intemperate, puerile speech, brought forth Earl Grey, who is a noble, dignified, statesman-like looking man, and a powerful speaker. The Duke of Wellington followed, and then came the mighty Brougham, in rather a desultory, though most able speech, of an hour and a half—but so carried away was I with the orator, in the boldness and loftiness of his eloquence, the sallies of his wit, and the bitter bitings of his sarcasms, that the time seemed not more than half an hour. In sarcasm, the lord chancellor has not, if he ever had, an equal. Such a dressing as he gave Lord Londonderry, I never heard before. Neither the room for the lords, nor that for the commons, can be compared in size, convenience, and elegance to our national legislative halls. The members sit on benches without desks. Those of the commons are plain—of the lords, covered with crimson cloth, as are other parts of the room. A splendid throne is erected at one end for the king, when he visits the house—and in one corner are some low seats for noble ladies, who sometimes attend; (several were there last night.) Into one end of the room, and around the throne, members of the House of Commons are admitted, but are not allowed to sit; it is the same with spectators at the other end.

I saw upon this occasion, most of the nobles of the land. They are a plain, gentlemanly looking set of men. I was forcibly struck with the courteous and unaffected manner of *at least one* of them, the Marquis of Cleveland, who, passing by, near where I was standing, picked up my gloves, which had fallen on the floor, and politely handed them to me. I mention this to show, what I believe Englishmen of real rank possess in private intercourse—great simplicity.

Having carefully inspected the lunatic asylums in London and its vicinity, he left that place for Scotland in August, taking Cambridge in his way, at which ancient seat of learning he spent a day or two. He stopped a fortnight in Yorkshire, and examined the celebrated insane hospitals of that province with "*great profit*." In a letter to one of his brothers, written at this time, he gives an account of a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford:—

Sir Walter, in consequence of sickness, has been for a long time invisible to almost everybody but his immediate friends. By a singular hit of good fortune, I procured from a distinguished antiquarian, who had furnished the author of *Waverley* with

many a curious legend, and who had been for years his intimate friend—a letter of introduction for Dr. H. (whom I met again in Edinburgh,) and myself. Abbotsford is not an hereditary estate of the distinguished owner, but has been purchased and improved by himself. He also built the house, which is Gothic in architecture, and very grotesque in appearance. Upon arriving at the door, and seeing many persons turning away in disappointment at not seeing the house, (for great numbers flocked there for this purpose only,) little hopes were left of seeing the “*Lion*” himself. However, we sent in the letter, which was instantly followed by an invitation to enter. Sir Walter himself advanced into the hall and received us, shaking us cordially by the hand, and adding, that he was glad to see us. He led the way into his study, and begged us to be seated. His full height, when standing erect, must be nearly or quite six feet, and he is much more slender than I expected to see him; this, however, is owing, I suppose, in part to sickness. In addition to his former lameness, paralysis has rendered him quite a cripple. Walking costs much exertion, and is only performed by applying both hands to his staff. My first impression was, “Here is a plain, open-hearted, rough-looking old gentleman, who, from all external appearances might have gone to the grave, really *unknown* as the ‘*Great Unknown*.’” But the longer I looked upon him, the more forcibly I was struck with the strong lines and marks of his manly face. His eyes, which are full, when animated in conversation, are in the highest degree expressive; and if I were asked the predominant character of the expression, I should call it humor. With the neighboring organs, they would form a fine study for the phrenologist. As usual, his tall dog was by his side, to which he good naturedly introduced us, as one of his most particular friends. Sir Walter, after some conversation, conducted us in person through a fine suite of apartments, ordinarily shown to visitors, and pointed out the most interesting objects. He seemed to dwell with particular pleasure on some old family paintings, and on one in particular, humorously representing an ancestress, in the act of taking a husband, who had been coerced into the measure by force of arms. The sullen bridegroom is seen sitting by the victorious lady, while the priest is reading the ceremony. He conducted us into the room containing the celebrated antiquarian collection, and repeated some appropriate verses in the drawing-room. Sir Walter pointed out the silver urn, containing ashes of the dead, which he said “poor Byron gave me, and for which I gave him in return a curious ancient dagger.” The library is extensive, though miscellaneous. In the language of the owner, “it wants arrangement, and is the library of a whimsical man.” He noticed my Scottish name, which I am half inclined to thank for some of his kindness;—asked me, if I had seen any Macdonalds in Scotland; spoke of the late Glengarry in the highest terms of eulogy, and inquired if I knew his valued friend, Bishop Macdonald, of Canada. Of the latter he related an anecdote, which I never heard before—that during the late *unfortunate* war, as he kindly expressed it, the bishop headed his flock, and led them to battle.

You have, no doubt, seen various newspaper reports of the state of Scott’s health. It is a subject which has excited considerable discussion in this country, and on which the public, though much interested, seem to know nothing. What I say, (and pray excuse my professional and authoritative tone,)

you may rely on as authentic. The truth is, Sir Walter has had two or three attacks of apoplexy and palsy, which have left behind a permanent paralysis of one side of his body, with great indistinctness of speech. Although during our interview, I discovered no decided marks of impaired intellect or memory, yet knowing the ordinary effects of this disease on the mental faculties of old persons, I am constrained to fear that the *vigor* of his mind, at least, is lessened. He thinks he has improved of late, and says he only waits for his son’s leave of absence from the army, to go to Italy, but that after all, he scarcely knows what to think about going abroad on account of his health. The subject seemed to depress him.

His accent is strongly Scottish—his manner most kind and unpretending. Though so lame, with the genuine politeness of the old school, he saw us to the very threshold, on our departure. The deep interest with which I viewed this extraordinary man was of a melancholy character. I could not but lament that one, so much above ordinary beings, should be subject to their infirmities, and that the world would perhaps not again be delighted by a new production of his genius.

After visiting the lunatic institutions of Scotland, Dr. Macdonald crossed the channel to Londonderry, and travelled south as far as Dublin. In subsequent letters, he says:—

My visit to Ireland has been, in a professional point of view, highly satisfactory. The public lunatic asylums of Ireland, established by a late act of Parliament are of the *very first order*. Irish hospitality, I found, deserves all that is said of it. I feel much indebted to Dr. S—— for the letter to his friend Hargrave. Dr. Hargrave is a fine specimen of the genuine Irish character, and treated me with the greatest attention. At Belfast I met with a Dr. McDonnell, distinguished both as a man of science and a philanthropist; a fellow-student of Emmet, at Edinburgh. In feeling, he belongs to the old school; is hospitable and clannish to the last degree. He manifested much interest in me, and urged me to remain to be introduced to General Macdonnell, (brother to the late Glengarry,) whom he expected in Belfast in a few days. He calls me his namesake, and offers his “correspondence.”

In October he returned to London, and soon left for Paris, where he arrived in the end of the same month. In this metropolis, he found himself, on actual trial, in common with most American travellers at that time, *deficient in French*, more especially in the *spoken language*; and in consequence, with the view of giving a proper schooling to his ear, he engaged a teacher, and took lodgings in a French family, where no English was used. Finding it impossible to prosecute his inquiries on the continent without a good practical knowledge of the French *oral* language, he for a while suspended his researches, and by assiduous exertions soon made good the deficiency. From this cause, and for other reasons, a longer stay abroad than one year, the time originally agreed upon, became necessary; and he now applied to the governors for a postponement of the period fixed upon for his return, until September, 1832. His application was promptly acceded to by the board on the reception of his request.

He says in a letter, written at this time :—

The day after my arrival in Paris, I found myself a member of the Polish committee for the distribution of funds sent to General La Fayette. I have called on our gifted countryman, Mr. James Fennimore Cooper, who received me with cordiality. He remembered A., and inquired after him, and many other inhabitants of Westchester county. He introduced me to Mrs. C., and has since been to see me.

An extract from one of his letters, dated Dec. 8th, 1831, will show how earnestly he was employed at this time :—

After witnessing the indefatigable zeal of French physicians, and the high state of medical science in Paris, my love of my profession has increased tenfold. I am now prosecuting the study of French with success. It may be satisfactory to you to know how my time is spent. I'll tell you in few words, and in a hurried manner. I rise at seven in the morning, before it is quite light, walk a mile or two to one of the principal hospitals, follow one of the great men through the wards, investigating diseases, and hearing his practical remarks on a variety of cases. Prior to leaving the hospital, perhaps a post-mortem examination takes place. I return to my lodgings at about half past ten o'clock, A. M., breakfast on bread and butter and coffee, and chat for half an hour in French with my host and hostess. The time between this and five P. M. I devote to the lectures at the School of Medicine, to study and exercise. At five I dine with a French family in the neighborhood, where nothing but French is spoken, and where I remain two hours. At seven I return to my lodgings, and spend the evening till half-past eleven or twelve in reading and studying, alone, or with my teacher. Thus you see I am pretty well occupied. As soon as my knowledge of French is sufficient, I shall transfer my lodgings to the neighborhood of some of the *other* insane hospitals in the environs, and devote myself to insanity exclusively. So much occupied have I been, that as yet, I have seen nothing of the *great sights* of this metropolis.

Throughout January, February, March, and part of April, 1832, Dr. Macdonald was in constant attendance at the great lunatic establishments, *Salpêtrière* and the *Bicêtre*. The following extracts are from his correspondence at this period :—

I am again attending to my duties at the great lunatic establishment "*L'Hospice de la Salpêtrière*;" but it is not exclusively appropriated to the insane. *These* form but *one* class among *five* received here. The classes are as follows: 1. *Reposans*, or aged servants of the hospitals. 2. *Infirm*, or those of eighty years. 3. Those of *seventy years*, or who are afflicted with incurable wounds or local diseases. 4. The sick. 5. *Epileptics* or *lunatics*. The latter usually number from 1,500 to 2,000. The whole from 6 to 7,000. None but females are received in this establishment. There is a similar institution, the *Bicêtre*, for men. One is at first surprised at the great numbers of hospitals, and the crowds he sees filling them, in Paris. But, when we consider the national character of the French, and the condition of the poorer class, their pliability to any situation, and the impossibility for a large proportion to lay anything by for old

age or sickness, we at once see, in the nature of things, ample reasons for such circumstances.—

I have been here just long enough now to begin to feel myself at home with the language. The lunatic hospital, which I am now attending, the *Salpêtrière*, is for females, and contains no less than 1,500 patients. The greatest liberality is extended by the French government towards strangers. Thus far I have used no introductions whatever. I conceived that as an ordinary student, I should see things more as they really are, than if I came as the accredited officer of a public institution. Accordingly I presented myself to the physician in chief of the *Salpêtrière*, as an American, desirous of learning the practice of French lunatic asylums. I was most cordially received, and invited to follow him in his daily visits. Thus entirely unknown, I have been permitted to see daily every part of this great establishment. Not a patient under any circumstances has been hidden. How different was my reception in London, where, with the strongest letters of introduction, I was enabled only to see *certain parts* of hospitals, and those only at particular periods.

The Chambers are now in session, and I have visited them both. The Chamber of Deputies is a part of the Palais de Bourbon. The present hall is a temporary building to be used until the new one is finished, and is entirely without pretensions to elegance, but it has the advantage of being conveniently arranged for the accommodation of the public. Its plan is that of a theatre, the floor or pit, occupied by members, and boxes or "*tribunes*" for the royal family, foreign ambassadors, the public, &c. The members of the French Chamber of Deputies are much better accommodated, than those of the British House of Commons, the former having each a desk, made, however, in rather a rude manner, and resembling stained pine wood. The orators are obliged to mount the tribune, directly before the president's chair. Like the English House of Commons, this is a most tumultuous assembly. Marks of approbation and disapprobation are made in the same shouting and grumbling manner. The words, "*hear! hear! order! order!*" reported with the parliamentary proceedings, give the faintest possible notion of these cries. It is not only "*hear*" and "*order*," repeated by an individual two or three times, but "*hear*" is cried out at the very top of the voice by two or three hundred lusty fellows, while the opposition almost as strongly attempt to drown it, by shouting "*order*." The effect of this noise, which in England is worse than it is in France, is extremely ludicrous. I have seen but very little of our popular legislative bodies, but am inclined to think that they are much more decorous. Among the speakers I heard at the Chamber of Deputies, was M. Perrier, the prime minister—the best speaker and ablest debater, I thought, that mounted the tribune that day. The Chamber of Peers is in the Palace of the Luxembourg, (only a hundred yards from my lodgings,) and resembles the Senate Chamber at Washington, though larger. I have been present at one session. It is a far less dignified body than our Senate, and is occasionally rather tumultuous. Most of the members wear laced coats, the peculiar dress of this body; but since the revolution of July, this ceremony has not been exacted.

In relation to the Polish committee; having found it would not interfere with my other pursuits, I have attended many of its meetings, which take

place at the house of Mr. Cooper, every Wednesday evening. General La Fayette sometimes meets and interests us with his conversation. The more I see of this patriot the more I venerate him; and when I hear a Frenchman speak disrespectfully of him, it produces the same sort of sensations as if I hear my country and my countrymen abused. After the business of the committee is finished, I usually pass the rest of the evening with one or two other Americans, in the family of Mr. Cooper. These have been by far the most agreeable evenings I have spent in Paris.

The twenty-second of this month, (February,) must have been celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings in the United States. I did not know it was the hundredth anniversary of Washington's birthday, until I had arrived at Mr. Cooper's, to attend a meeting of the Polish committee, which assembles there every Wednesday evening. General La Fayette was present, and in good spirits. After the business of the evening was concluded, Mr. Cooper observed that it was then just a century since Washington was born. The mention of this circumstance had quite an effect on the company. The general seemed to renew his age—his countenance beamed with philanthropy—he looked upon those around him, with no small degree of satisfaction. He spoke of "*the young Virginian*," and his mother, whom he knew—he also spoke of Washington as a statesman and a soldier. The scene was one I never can forget. The whole assemblage of circumstances, Washington's birth, the meeting of a number of Americans in the Old World for the benefit of a people who had been crushed, while struggling for their freedom, and one of these very people, the countryman of Kosciusko and Pulaski, being then among us; the presence of La Fayette, a link between the past and present, were of too interesting a character to pass by like ordinary occurrences. Among Mr. Cooper's good qualities, patriotism stands conspicuous. He called for champagne, and we drank to the memory of Washington and the Polish heroes.

I still find Mr. Cooper's house the most hospitable and agreeable in Paris. I dined there yesterday, and spent the evening in the company of General La Fayette, who came in after dinner. The general is still quite vigorous.

In April, Dr. Macdonald left Paris for Italy. His route was through Switzerland, and he entered Piedmont and Lombardy by the Simplon road early in May. After examining the hospitals for the insane in the different Italian cities, he took the steamer at Naples, and returned to Paris by way of Marseilles, in the latter part of June.

In a letter to his brother, dated, Florence, May 20th, 1832, he says:—

The hospitals of Italy are generally showy, and many of them magnificent buildings. The great hospital of this city, for instance, has the appearance of a palace, and the lunatic asylum presents a façade of the most beautiful and correct proportions. The Italians, like the French, are ostentatious, and in building, as in taking care of the body, are apt to adorn the *exterior* at the expense of the *interior*. There are lunatic asylums in all the towns I have visited. But this is not a subject to interest you. I will merely add, that as these establishments are the first objects of inquiry, I have, of course, examined them all; that in *this* town is one of the best in Italy, and equal to the best in France.

With respect to the institution at Aversa, at that time the most distinguished of the Italian lunatic asylums, he says, in a subsequent letter:—

At Naples, the most important object to me, and but for which I should not have gone so far south, was the celebrated lunatic asylum, situated near the town of Aversa, about seven miles from the metropolis. It was put into operation by Murat. Placed under the direction of the Chevalier Luiguiti, a *ci-devant* priest, it soon acquired great celebrity; a celebrity arising more from external show, than from genuine utility. I had an opportunity of examining it pretty thoroughly, and must confess I received some useful hints.

Dr. Macdonald spent the month of July and part of August at Charenton, in inspecting the celebrated institution for mental disease, situate in that village. In letters from this place, he says:—

I have now every opportunity I could desire to study the treatment of insanity in one of the best lunatic asylums in Europe. *When I say best*, I mean so far as *its management is concerned*. The house itself is old, and composed of building erected on building at various epochs. Consequently it is not a model. I have daily access to all parts of the house, see all the patients, and am on intimate terms with the medical attendants. M. Esquirol, the physician in chief, has given me every facility, and has extended his private hospitality to me in a manner that I had no right to expect. My time is principally spent between the *Maison Royale de Charenton*, as the hospital is called, and my books. The village of Charenton itself is a dull little place, situated on the Marne, near its junction with the Seine. On the opposite bank of the river (Marne) is Alfort, the seat of the most celebrated Veterinary School in the world. This establishment possesses a library of domestic zoology, a cabinet of comparative anatomy, and another of pathology; a botanical garden, hospitals for sick animals, a chemical laboratory, a pharmacie, and school of practical agriculture; an amphitheatre, where lectures are delivered on veterinary medicine and rural economy; farrier's shops, &c. &c. But unfortunately for me, owing to the affair of the 5th and 6th of June, in which a few of the students were implicated, the institution is closed.

In the vicinity of Charenton are the Park and Chateau of Vincennes, famous as the residence of the cruel and superstitious Louis XI., and rendered classic ground by Sir Walter Scott, in the romance of Quentin Durward. I am so much occupied with my studies during the day, that I have not time to think of my lonely situation; but when evening, the hour for relaxation and social intercourse arrives, I *then* feel that Charenton is, to use the French word, "*triste*." And this dullness has never been felt, perhaps, to a greater degree, than at present in consequence of the prevalence of the cholera, which attacks at the most unexpected moment during the night, as well as at mid-day, its unfortunate victims. A pestilence in a small place like this, is much more frightful than in a large city, because in the former its progress is exactly appreciated, and every person attacked by it is known. And, then, the Catholic funeral service is calculated to produce a serious effect. For some hours previous to interment, the entrance to the house, which is usually wide, is fitted up with black or white hangings, according as the deceased was single or married. The

coffin, covered in the same manner, is placed on a platform, and lighted by six or eight or more large candles. In front stands a crucifix and holy water. Persons passing by pay different degrees of homage, according to the extent of their religious faith. In France, most persons content themselves with raising their hats; the more scrupulous, however, kneel, cross themselves, and sprinkle the coffin with consecrated water. After a certain length of time the priest arrives with his assistants, bearing lighted candles, and habited according to the forms of the church, and in number according to the purse of the defunct. Then commences a low and solemn requiem. When it is completed, the pall-bearers, if the place of interment be near, as in this little town, raise the corpse, and convey it with measured step to its last abode. I have witnessed many scenes of this kind. A few mornings since, I descended from my room and entered the "café" next door to take my breakfast. On the opposite side of the street was the corpse of a young female, who had died the evening previous with cholera. While waiting the preparation of my coffee, the solemn chant commenced. Upon its conclusion, six young females, dressed in white, raised the bier, and, preceded by priest and assistants, with their crucifix and candles, moved off towards the cemetery.

In August, Dr. Macdonald again went to London, and was for some time engaged in examining the new lunatic asylum for the county of Middlesex, which had been finished and put in operation while he was on the continent.

In the ensuing month of October, he returned to New York, and immediately took charge of the Bloomingdale Asylum, where he remained until the autumn of 1837. On the 4th of April of this year, in a letter to the board of governors of the New York Hospital, he resigned his office of physician of the Bloomingdale institution, declining to be a candidate for reappointment in the ensuing month of June, when the term of his services, as agreed upon, would expire. He was succeeded in office by Dr. Benjamin Ogden, but out of regard to the wishes of this gentleman, who was at that time the chief medical officer of the New York Alms-house department, and busily engaged in reforming the public hospitals then at Bellevue and its vicinity, Dr. Macdonald continued at the Bloomingdale Asylum during the greater part of the summer. On the occasion of his resignation, resolutions were again passed by the board of governors, conveying their "thanks to Dr. Macdonald for his able and faithful professional services as physician of the Bloomingdale institution," expressing to him the "gratification they felt at the great success which for many years had attended his treatment of the insane patients," and assuring him that they "held in just estimation the amiable and gentlemanly deportment, which had always characterized him during their long intercourse."

In the fall of this year Dr. Macdonald again commenced the general practice of his profession in the city of New York, and in the ensuing month of May was married to Eliza Harris Miller, daughter of Silvanus Miller, Esq., of that place. This union, though destined not to be of long duration,

was productive of much domestic happiness. Not long after this, he was elected by the board of governors one of the attending physicians of the New York Hospital, an office which he held for four years, and then resigned. In 1839 he went abroad a second time, and again visited the lunatic asylums in the vicinity of London and Paris.

Three years after his marriage he carried into execution a long cherished design, by forming, in connection with his brother, the Hon. Allan Macdonald, a private institution for the treatment of mental disease. For this purpose two houses, agreeably situated at Murray Hill, in the suburbs of New York, surrounded with ample grounds, and shut out from public view by high enclosures, were at first employed. The establishment was opened on the first day of June, 1841; but the rapid approach of a crowded population, and an increase in the number of patients, soon rendered a removal necessary.

In 1842, he was tendered the situation of superintendent and physician of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, which offer, after mature consideration, he declined.

With the view of placing their private institution on a permanent spot, and in a more sequestered locality, the two brothers, in the winter of 1845, purchased the elegant and spacious mansion of the late Chancellor Sanford, at Flushing, one of the most costly and substantial country houses ever erected in America. To this place, (Sanford Hall,) in the ensuing month of May, they removed their establishment. Ever since this time, a train of improvements has been constantly going forward, having for its object the complete adaptation of the house and grounds to the particular purposes to which they were appropriated. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to add, that in this favorite enterprise Dr. Macdonald was in all respects eminently successful.

An ordinary cold, taken in the beginning of the month, troubled Dr. Macdonald during the greater part of April, (1849.) On Monday night, the 30th of this month, at about half-past ten o'clock, he left Sanford Hall for his own dwelling, which was at a short distance, in high spirits, intending to make his customary visit to New York, on the ensuing day, and to be present at the marriage of a friend. Between three and four o'clock, on Tuesday morning, (May 1st,) he was suddenly attacked with a chill, and some symptoms of pleuritic irritation soon after supervened; but although he kept his bed, and subjected himself to medical treatment, neither he nor his friends considered the case dangerous. On Wednesday, his situation had become alarming, and information was immediately transmitted to his medical friends in town. Dr. Gurdon Buck came to Flushing, and stayed with him that night, and made a favorable report next morning. In the course of this day, (Thursday,) he received a long visit from his much esteemed medical friend, Dr. F. U. Johnston, of New York city, of whose judgment and skill he had always entertained the

highest opinion. When Dr. Johnston left on Thursday afternoon, he was inclined to think him out of danger, declaring appearances favorable. Apprehension on the part of Dr. Macdonald's friends now for a while ceased; but early on Friday morning, Dr. Buck, who had again watched over him during the night, admitted that his symptoms were unpromising. About nine o'clock of the same day, Dr. Macdonald expressed the belief that he should not recover. This conviction he conveyed with gentle firmness to his wife. He said, that but for her sake, and that of his children, he would choose death rather than life; that he was, however, resigned to either event; that he had long endeavored in all his plans to keep the probability of his own death in view; though he regretted that he had deferred making some definite arrangements of his affairs, which he now felt unable to accomplish, he enjoined upon his wife a religious education for their children, and begged her to cherish in their hearts the memory of their father, of whom even the older ones would otherwise retain but a faint recollection. He then took leave of them, of his wife, sister and brothers. To the friends who surrounded him, his death now seemed inevitable. Drs. Buck and Johnston watched with him alternately during Friday night, but did not suppose that he would live until daylight. He did, however, survive the night, but when morning came it was evident that life was fast ebbing away. Hallucinations, which had been observable, though rarely, on the preceding day, now increased. It was affecting to see one, who had so often combated delusions in the minds of others, now becoming himself their victim. There was, however, almost until the last, an effort to contend against them. When first occurring he was sensible that they were aberrations. Then he would ask, whether some object that disordered fancy presented, were really there or not. The next stage was that of requiring positive assurance and argument before he could be convinced. When Mrs. Macdonald, in her reasonings, pointed out the furniture in the room, he would recognize these familiar objects, and for the moment be satisfied that he was in his own chamber. Among other things she had called his attention to a miniature book-case on the mantel-piece, belonging to his children. For a time he endeavored to make that object his cynosure, and when the position of persons in the room intercepted his view of it, would desire them to move, so that he might "*see the book-case.*" These distempered imaginations now increased, prompting the most pathetic requests that he might be taken home, and calling forth expressions of grief that he had been brought to die in such a wretched place. He fancied that he was in a mean tavern on the Third Avenue of New York, and pointed to the rude, vulgar pictures on the walls, and the leaky spots on the ceiling, as evidences of the truth of his belief. He still however recognized every one who spoke to

him, but insisted that besides the persons actually in the room, there were others whose appearance was revolting. Upon one occasion, when asked if he thought the friends who surrounded him were capable of deceiving him, he answered with great energy, "*No; but you are deceived yourselves.*" Almost up to the last, he continued to observe and make remarks upon the various symptoms of his disease, and once, while noticing his pulse, he observed, "*It is but a thread.*" Indeed, the mental disturbance seemed to have reference exclusively to external objects. During the latter portions of this, his last day, he was extremely restless, constantly desirous of getting up, and then immediately returning to his pillow. Death came at last, (at about half-past nine o'clock, p. m., May 5th,) while he was making an effort to get out of bed, as he said, "*to go home.*"

Dr. Macdonald's fatal disease was inflammation of the lungs and pleura, called by the physicians, "*pleuritic pneumonia.*" It was considered, in the rapidity of its course, a very uncommon case. He, himself, said of his own malady, that it was the most violent disorder of the kind he had ever witnessed. The disease was so malignant that medical men thought there must have been some pulmonary affection of long standing, but this proved *not* to have been the case. On a post-mortem examination, both lungs were found very much inflamed, but the malady appeared to have been of recent origin.

His funeral took place at Flushing, on Tuesday afternoon, the 8th of May, and was numerously attended by persons of all classes, both from country and town, although the weather was extremely unpropitious. Among the number were some of the former nurses and attendants at Bloomingdale, to whom he had continued through life to be a friend and adviser. Throughout the village of Flushing the shops were closed, and regret appeared in every countenance. The departures from life of our great public men have been extensively lamented, but among all the deaths of private individuals that the writer of this can call to mind, none appears to have caused more sincere and general sorrow than that of the deceased.

The attachment which was felt towards him, by every one within the reach of his influence, was very touchingly manifested after his death. It need not be said how deep was the grief of those who stood in the nearest relations. Some of the persons in his employ, athletic men, from whom an outward exhibition of tender emotions could not be expected, were seen weeping over his remains. One of them brought some beautiful green-house flowers, and disposed them about his corpse, and although they were necessarily removed three different times, as often renewed his pious task. These, his humble friends, claimed the privilege of bearing his body from its earthly home to the last resting place, and but for the weather, the wish might have been fulfilled. They did, however,

with affectionate pertinacity, insist on conveying his remains from the church to the vault in which they were temporarily deposited.

On Sunday morning, May 13th, Professor Ogilby, of New York, preached at St. George's Church, Flushing, a funeral sermon on the occasion of Dr. Macdonald's death, to a crowded congregation. The text was from the 37th Psalm: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Twice during the delivery the speaker's feelings compelled him to pause and wait several minutes for the return of self-possession.

Dr. Macdonald's reputation as a physician is in the hands of his medical brethren. As far as relates to his character in other respects, he who writes these brief notes cannot drop the subject without a few words in regard to one, with whom he was so well acquainted. From early life, the deceased was distinguished for purity and delicacy of taste, sentiment and manners. Throughout the whole period of youth and the beginning of manhood he was ardent in the acquisition of knowledge, both professional and general. In maturer years, the great objects of his devotion were plans of usefulness and benevolence to his fellow-men, and they were pursued with a persevering activity, which ceased only with life. Although entertaining upon most subjects very strong convictions, he did not obtrude his own principles and opinions upon others; still, he never failed to dissent mildly, but firmly, from any sentiment which he thought morally exceptionable. Few persons, holding opinions so decided, have been so generally on terms of social kindness with those of opposite views and character. While rigidly subjecting every act and feeling of his own to the rule of duty, he always exercised great forbearance and lenity to the faults of others. In his family he carried the art of teaching by example to its highest point. Simple, abstemious, and self-denying himself, he was affectionate, cheerful and attentive to the comfort and enjoyment of those around him. In the exercise of his more peculiar professional duties, he often had under his care some of the victims of inordinate indulgence. Upon such persons no words probably could have inculcated so forcibly the lesson of self-control as his habitual temperance and sobriety. Involved as mental disease is often found to be with circumstances of great and peculiar delicacy, it is more easy to appreciate the degree of medical skill which he possessed, than the value of his nice and judicious attention to every point which could directly or indirectly affect the interests of his patients. It was this which made him, in so many instances, not merely the physician of those under his care, but their confidential friend and counsellor. His high regard to religious principles enabled him effectually, even under the most trying circumstances, to control a temper which was naturally irritable. He was an active and useful member of the Episcopal Church, in which he had been educated, and for which he always expressed a strong preference. Shortly after having announced to his family the conviction of his ap-

proaching end, he requested that his friend, the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Flushing, might be sent for. To that gentleman, on his arrival, he said, that he had no hope of recovery, but believing that the prayer of the righteous availeth much, he desired in his own behalf the benefit of pastoral intercession. He declared frequently a consciousness of his unworthiness, and expressed his hope in death, which he based solely upon the merits of his Saviour. In conclusion, the writer will not withhold his opinion, deliberately formed, that the character of the deceased, upon the whole, exhibited less of human infirmity than that of any other man who ever came under his observation.

Dr. Macdonald had always taken a deep interest in the condition of the insane poor. When, in 1834, the municipal authorities of New York determined to erect on Blackwell's Island an Asylum for such as had become a public charge, they applied to him for information, and he furnished them with plans for the buildings, and prepared for their use an essay upon the construction and arrangement of insane hospitals. Thenceforward he never omitted any opportunity of exerting himself in behalf of that unfortunate class, who were at the same time mentally diseased and destitute. In 1847, he was appointed Visiting Physician of the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, in conjunction with his friends, Drs. Benjamin Ogden and Abraham V. Williams, and the attention bestowed by all three upon the whole establishment has led to the most extensive ameliorations. When this medical board was first appointed, one of the most important deficiencies was the want of a library for the use of the patients. By the exertions of Dr. Macdonald, who collected the means necessary from a few benevolent individuals in New York, the inmates of the institution now have free access to a library of nearly twelve hundred volumes.

Dr. Macdonald left numerous manuscripts upon mental alienation, and kindred subjects, among which are a short course of lectures, delivered some years ago at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York. These were all written at hurried moments, taken from the hours of repose, and he anxiously looked forward for a time of leisure, which might enable him to present the medical world with some of the results of a life of much experience and investigation, directed mainly upon one point. His only published works, at present recollected, are:—

1. The above named Essay on the Construction and Management of Insane Hospitals.
2. A Review of "Considerations upon the Insane, by G. Ferrus," published in 1837, in a Philadelphia Medical Journal.
3. Statistics of the Bloomingdale Asylum, published in the N. Y. Journal of Medicine and Surgery, 1839.
4. Letter to the Trustees of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, proposing a plan for organizing said Asylum, published in their Report, 1842.
5. A Dissertation on Puerperal Insanity, published in the *American Journal of Insanity*.

6. Several Reports on the condition of Blackwell's Island Lunatic Asylum.

Dr. M. was an active member of the N. Y. Medical and Surgical Society, and several cases of mental aberration, reported by him to that association, have been published in the N. Y. Journal of Medicine.

From the Britannia.

Memoirs of the House of Orleans. By W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL. D. 3 vols. Bentley.

DR. TAYLOR does not commence his memoirs of the Orleans family very early. He is the historian of that branch of the house which dates its origin from Philip of Anjou, the younger brother of Louis XIV. Though the varied fortunes and romantic adventures of the earlier members of the race must have strongly tempted him to sketch their career, he has found in the Orleans annals for the last two centuries ample matter to fill three volumes, and to make up a complete work.

Philip of Anjou succeeded to the title and possessions of his uncle, the weak and treacherous Gaston, who has gained an infamous immortality by his betrayal of Cinq Mars and his accomplices. Their aim was to slay or banish the powerful cardinal, and to raise Gaston to the regency on the demise of his brother, an event which, from the king's failing health, seemed not far distant. Louis XIII. might, perhaps, have shown mercy in his anger had the plot been directed against his exacting minister alone, but the conspirators had attempted to conclude a secret treaty with the King of Spain, whom Louis regarded with bitter and unreasoning hatred. When Richelieu had obtained a clue to the plot, and had ordered the arrest of its three chiefs, Gaston, to save himself, revealed the whole of the circumstances to the vindictive cardinal. The prisoners attempted no defence or denial when the deposition of the Duke of Orleans was read to them. They gallantly died on the scaffold. Gaston saved himself; but his treachery sank deep in the remembrance of the nation, and from that day the bad faith of an Orleans became proverbial. It was reserved for modern times to fix on the name yet deeper stains of duplicity and baseness.

It was the policy of the French court to bring up the youthful Duke of Anjou in complete submission to his kingly brother. Mazarin enjoined his preceptor to neglect his education. "Would you make a clever man of the king's brother?" asked he; "if he knew more than the king he would not yield him implicit obedience." This narrow-minded policy was suited to the court and time; and Monsieur grew up so deficient in ordinary acquirements that he could barely decipher his own handwriting, and showed throughout life a most sovereign distaste for all intellectual accomplishments. In person he was as great a contrast to his insignificant brother as in tastes and habits. His stature was small, and his features were irregular, but his eyes were singularly fine and

brilliant. Imperfect as his education had been, he occasionally gave evidence of latent ability. In war his conduct displayed the coolness and courage of a hero; but Louis XIV. would afford him no opportunity of distinguishing himself; his jealousy condemned his brother to a life of inglorious inactivity. He succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle Gaston early in life, (though he did not gain the grant from his brother without difficulty,) and contracted an alliance which the world regarded as every way desirable. The Princess Henrietta Maria was, by the concurrence of all contemporary testimony, rarely gifted with talents and beauty. But the evil destiny of her race pursued her. The misfortunes of the Stuarts incline one to believe in some malignant influence which baffles human effort, and even the smiles of fortune. Their virtues and endowments were not less fatal to them than their vices and demerits. The Princess Henrietta possessed her mother's vivacity and spirit, and her father's graver intellectual accomplishments. She became on her marriage with Monsieur the star of the French court, and the dazzling lustre she cast about her was rendered the more conspicuous from its sudden eclipse. A great favorite with Louis XIV., she became his confidential adviser, and was the real author of that secret treaty which made her brother Charles I. a pensioner of the French court. Her ascendancy in French society was not, however, observed without jealousy, and rumors hurtful to her reputation were not slow in reaching her husband's ears. We have no means of ascertaining whether those rumors had any better foundation than the envy of those who circulated them, for the fables related by Dr. Taylor, on the authority of scandalous memoirs, are not worth notice. The age was corrupt, and the candid avowal of the French dame who declared she was tired of all innocent pleasures may be not unfairly taken as the measure of courtly morality in France at that period. Certain it is, that Monsieur and Madame cared little for each other. The "gallantries" of the duke, as it was the fashion then to call the vilest amours, were notorious, and Henrietta seems to have been compelled to purchase peace by the reception of his mistresses. While her splendor was at its highest, and all the men paid her homage, and the women courted her friendship, a noise ran through Paris in the well-known words of Bossuet, "Madame is dying, Madame is dead," so quickly did her decease follow on the announcement of her illness. Dr. Taylor assumes that she was poisoned, and pretends to relate all the circumstances of the crime; we need scarcely say that no dependence is to be placed on the gossip he repeats; in the absence of direct proof, there is no ground whatever for supposing that Louis XIV. would have suffered the perpetrators of the murder to go free, yet without his connivance they could hardly have escaped detection and punishment. Horrible surmises find ready acceptance in popular credulity; such is the love of the marvellous in vulgar minds

that the sudden death of the great is much oftener ascribed to the agency of guilt than to the operation of natural causes. No adequate motive can be assigned for the poisoning of Madame, and on the whole we are not inclined to believe those frightful stories which would make the court of Louis XIV., illuminated by so much genius, the den of iniquity which the gossip of slanderers' tongues has represented.

The Duchess of Orleans left two daughters; the eldest, when of marriageable age, was wedded to the gloomy Charles II. of Spain. Her sister, Anna Maria, was wedded to Victor Duke of Savoy, who became afterwards King of Sardinia. She died early, but not before she had given birth to children. It is remarked, that "by descent from her, as the granddaughter of Charles I., the kings of Sardinia, after the failure of issue in the pretender's family, became the first legitimate heirs to the throne of Great Britain. Her daughter married the Duke of Burgundy, and as such became the second dauphiness of France. She was the grandmother of Louis XVI., who was thus sixth in generation from Charles I., to whom he bore so close a resemblance both in his character and his fate." The Duke of Orleans himself was married a second time to the sprightly Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, whose memoirs, made up so amusingly of fact and fancy, serve to illustrate the manners and ideas, if not the events, of her time.

It was impossible for Maria Louisa to be happy with the husband the policy of Louis had provided her. Charles II. was feeble; and the rigid formality, mixed with the brutal superstition of the Spanish court, must have been the reverse of acceptable to the young French princess. A curious anecdote is told of

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

In one of his fond fits Charles had presented the queen with some fine Andalusian horses, that she might enjoy the pleasures of the chase. One of these was brought into the court of the palace, and the queen sprang into the saddle; but at that instant the steed, startled by some noise, suddenly swerved, and she was flung to the ground, her foot being still in the stirrup. All saw her danger, but they feared to go to her assistance, for the rigid laws of Spain denounced the touching of the queen's foot as an act of treason. Two cavaliers braved the peril and saved the queen; but Maria Louisa had to exert all her influence to obtain for them the royal pardon; but, even after they had obtained it, they were secretly warned to quit Madrid, and never to speak of the illegal service they had rendered to their sovereign.

The amusements of the Spanish court were to the full as remarkable as its etiquette. Spain, of all the kingdoms of the earth, the most dutiful child of the popedom, has always been highly favored by his holiness, and in return has constantly endeavored to please him by the grateful sacrifice of the *auto-da-fé*. Charles II. evidently desired children, and to induce God and the Virgin to grant his wishes, resolved to burn with all due

solemnity a batch of heretics, his queen being a witness to the ceremony. We give the passage as a fine specimen of

THE COURTLY FESTIVITIES OF SPAIN.

Don Diego Sarmiento di Valladarés inquisitor-general of Spain, persuaded the king that the celebration of a grand *auto-da-fé* would probably induce Heaven to grant his wishes. Charles gave the desired authority without hesitation, and a proclamation was issued, announcing that this horrid spectacle would be exhibited in the plaza Mayor of Madrid, on Sunday, January 30, 1680. The preparations occupied an entire month, and were superintended by some of the principal nobles of the kingdom. Don Francisco Bazan was entrusted with the care of providing refreshments for the ministers of the holy office, "seeing that the solemnity," says the ordinance, "is likely to last the entire day, and occasion much fatigue to the inquisitor and his associates."

At seven in the morning of the appointed day, Charles, accompanied by the queen and the queen-mother, took his seat on the throne which had been prepared for him on one side of the amphitheatre. The chief inquisitor then rose from his throne, which was more elevated and more richly decorated than that of royalty, assumed his sacerdotal vestments, and administered to the king the oath usual on such occasions. The business of the day began with the trial of those who had died in the prisons of the inquisition or under torture; rude representations of those persons were brought before the tribunal by persons in grotesque masks, who also carried their bones in cases, which were to be thrown on the pile after it had been kindled. These puppets were sentenced with due gravity, and were then placed on the fagots. The living victims were then produced, who were twenty-two in number; twenty were Jews, one was a renegade, and one a Mahommedan. After a mockery of trial these wretches were made to defile on asses before the king and the assembled throng, after which they were led to the pile, and chained to stakes which had been prepared. Two, having offered to make full revelations of all they knew, were privately examined and pronounced worthy of pardon; the rest were left to their fate. The ceremony had lasted eight hours, when repeated volleys of musketry, flourishes of trumpets, rolling of drums, and loud huzzas from the populace, at once announced that the flames had been kindled, and drowned the cries of the sufferers. This expedient having failed to render Charles a father, he became more morose and jealous than ever. To drown his mortification he commanded a series of bull-fights, at which the reluctant Maria Louisa was compelled to assist, and to witness the death of some of the finest young men in Spain.

The young queen led a wretched life during the ten years she lived with Charles II. His suspicions subjected her attached nurse, Madame Viremont, to the rack, and at her departure from Spain the queen was left without a friend. Her position was full of danger; as the heir to the throne, by the laws of Spain, all those persons, and they were numerous and powerful, who were opposed to French influence, were anxious that she should have an heir or die. On the 10th of February, 1689, she called, being thirsty, for a

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